

No. 7027      號七十三零千七第      日九初月五年辰庚緒光      HONGKONG, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16TH, 1880.      三年禮      號六十月六英      磅每      PRICE \$2½ PER MONTH.

## INTIMATIONS.

**T**HE Steamship.

"ALBANY"

Captain F. Ashton, will be despatched for the above Ports **TO-MORROW**, the 17th instant at Daylight.

For Freight or Passage, apply to  
**DOUGLAS LARABEE & Co.,**  
Agents.

Hongkong, 15th June, 1880. [100

**T**HE Steamship.

"DOUGLAS."

Captain Abbott, will be despatched for the above Ports **TO-MORROW**, the 17th instant at Noon.

For Freight or Passage, apply to

Hongkong, 15th June, 1880. Agents. [100]  
**FOR BANGKOK.**  
**THE Steamship**  
**"RAJANATHIANUHAH."**  
 G. T. Hopkins, Commander, will be despatched  
 for the above Port on **FRIDAY, the 18th inst.**  
 at Daylight.  
 For Freight or Passage, apply to

Hongkong, 16th June, 1880. [10]  
**FOR COOKTOWN, SYDNEY, AND  
 MELBOURNE**  
 (Calling at Port DAWSON if sufficient inducement  
 meet offers), and taking through Cargo of  
 Passengers to NEW ZEALAND.  
**T**HE Eastern and Australian Mail Steamer  
 Company's Steamship  
 "SOMERSET"  
 will have quick despatch as above.  
 For Freight or Passage, apply to  
**GIBB, LIVINGSTON & Co.**  
 Hongkong, 16th June, 1880. [10]

**WANTED, an AMERICAN BILLIAR  
 TABLE, by good maker, with BAL  
 CUSH, &c. Must be in good order. Apply,**

Office of this Paper.  
 Hongkong, 16th June, 1880. - 110

**IN THE SUPREME COURT OF  
 HONGKONG.**

**IN BANKRUPTCY.**

**IN THE MATTER OF HANS KLEB,**

**NOTICE.—A MEETING** of the **CREDITORS** of **HANS KLER**, who was adjudicated Bankrupt on the 11th November 1878, will be held before the Registrar of the Supreme Court on **WEDNESDAY**, the 30th June, 1880, at 11 o'Clock in the Forenoon p.m.

N.B.—This is in substitution of the previous advertisement.

Hongkong, 16th June, 1880. Official Assignee

**C. D. R. A. N. D. T. & C.** [16]

**SHIPWRIGHTS,  
BLACKSMITHS, CAULKERS,  
IRON AND BRASS FOUNDERS,  
JOINERS, AND COOPERS.**

All work done under European supervision, and on the most REASONABLE TERMS.

**WEST POINT, HONGKONG.**

**KOWLOON HOTEL**  
Pleasantly situated on Kowloon Peninsula  
**BOWLING ALLEYS, BILLIARDS, NE  
PATENT SHOOTING GALLERIES,  
REFRESHMENTS BEST QUALITY ONLY.**

**HONGKING, 30th March, 1869.**

**T H E S T A G - H O T E L**  
**QUEEN'S ROAD HONGKING.**  
This Hotel is centrally situated, within a minute walk of the principal Landing Stage.  
Dinner at One o'clock. Dinner at Seven.  
Good Accommodation for Visitors.  
New English and American Bill Table  
351 **AND BILLIARD PROPRIETOR.**

IN THE MATTER OF THE TALESSE DEBTS FOR  
THE BENEFIT OF THE CREDITORS OF THE  
ESTATE OF  
**WILLIAM MCGEORG SMITH,**

**N O T I C E** is hereby given that a MEETING  
of the CREDITORS of the above Estate  
will be held, pursuant to the 137th Section  
of the Ordinance No. 5 of 1864, before the Official  
Assignee, at the Hotel de Ville, Hong Kong,  
Victoria, in the Colony of Hongkong, on WEDNESDAY, the 7th day of July, 1869, at 11 o'clock  
in the Clock in the Forenoon, when the Trust  
Assets will be sold by Public Auction, under the  
direction of him, and of the Property outstanding  
specifying the name of his being so outstanding  
and of all the Receipts and of all the Payments  
received, made, and paid, and of all the Accounts  
examined, and Statements and complete the

will declare by resolution whether any and what part of the said produce of the Estate (after making a reasonable deduction for future contingencies) shall be divided amongst the said Adors.

In the meantime Proofs of Debt will be taken by the Undersigned.

Dated this 14th day of June, 1880.

BERBERTON AND WOTTON,  
Solicitors for the Trustees.

9941 28, Queen's Road, Hongkong.

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF KWOK ACHONG, LATE OF HONGKONG, MERCHANT DECEASED.

NOTICE is hereby given, that all Creditors and other persons having any CLAIMS or DEMANDS upon or against the Estate of KWOK ACHONG, who died at Victoria Island of Hongkong, on the 10th day of April, 1880, and whose Will was duly proved at KWOK YIN KAT and KWOK YUNG FO, of No. 100, Queen's Road West, Victoria, aforesaid, in the Probate Court of Hongkong, on the 10th day of Jurisdiction, on the 30th day of April, 1880, and hereby required to send, in writing, the Particulars of their Claims or Demands, to the said

said KWOK YIN KAI and KWOK YING PO will purchase their residence, aforesaid, or to Messrs. THOMSON & CO. of Hongkong, aforesaid, on or before the 1st day of September, 1880, and that neither of the said KWOK YIN KAI and KWOK YING PO, or their Office, 29, Queen's Road, Victoria, aforesaid, or on or before the 1st day of September, aforesaid, and neither of the said KWOK YIN KAI and KWOK YING PO, or their Office, 29, Queen's Road, Victoria, aforesaid, or on or before the 1st day of September, aforesaid, is the legal assignor or the legal transferee of the last mentioned day the said KWOK YIN KAI and KWOK YING PO will purchase the said residence, aforesaid, or to Messrs. THOMSON & CO. of Hongkong, aforesaid, on or before the 1st day of September, aforesaid, and neither of the said KWOK YIN KAI and KWOK YING PO, or their Office, 29, Queen's Road, Victoria, aforesaid, or on or before the 1st day of September, aforesaid, is the legal assignor or the legal transferee of the last mentioned day the said KWOK YIN KAI and KWOK YING PO, or the Solicitors, the said Messrs. THOMSON & CO. of Hongkong, aforesaid, the Parties and the Parties' Solicitors, the said KWOK YIN KAI and KWOK YING PO, or the Solicitors, the said Messrs. THOMSON & CO. of Hongkong, aforesaid, are not to be held liable for the Assets, or any part thereof, of the said KWOK YIN KAI and KWOK YING PO, or the Solicitors, the said Messrs. THOMSON & CO. of Hongkong, aforesaid, or any person of whose Claims the said KWOK YIN KAI and KWOK YING PO, or the Solicitors, the said Messrs. THOMSON & CO. of Hongkong, aforesaid, had not had notice at the time of the distribution.

Dated this 1st day of May, 1880.

BREKENT, JAMES W. WOTTON,  
791, 29, Queen's Road, Hongkong.

**K**EATING'S INSECT POWDER  
BUGS, FLIES, MOTHS, BEETLES, and all other  
Insects, are Destroyed by KEATING'S Insect  
Powder. It is a Powerful and Effective  
Remedy for all Insects, and is the most  
Animals. In exterminating Beetles the success  
of this Powder is extraordinary, and no one can

in application. Ask for, and take no other than  
"KEATING'S POWDER," as imitations are  
noxious, and fail in giving satisfaction. Sold  
by all Chemists in Small Bottles. [43] 758







### VESSLS ADVERTISED AS LOADING

MAILS EXPECTED

[illegible]



## EXTRACTS.

THE NATIONAL HYMN FOR CANADA.  
The Marquis of Lorne has composed a National  
Hymn for Canada, which has been set to music by  
Mr. Arthur Sullivan. Here are the words—  
God save the Queen,  
Our Father! whose hand,  
And bind in lasting union,  
Each ocean's distant strand.  
From where Atlantic terrors  
Our hardly weaned train,  
To where the salt sea mirrors  
The vast Pacific chain.  
O bless our land, with Dominion,  
True freedom's fairest scene;  
Defend our people's ances,  
God save our Empire's Queen.  
Fair days of fortune send her,  
Be Thine her flag and Sun!  
Our land, our Shield's Defender,  
Unites our hearts as one  
One flag, one land, upon her—  
May every blessing rest!  
For loyal faith and honour,  
Her children's deeds attest.  
O bless, etc.  
No stranger's foot, invading,  
Shall tread our country's soil;  
While stand her sons enduring,  
For her to live and toil.  
She leads the victor's entrance,  
Her's are the conquering hours,  
No foe-man's weapon shall hurt her,  
"This Canada of ours."  
O bless, etc.  
Our stars when times were sorest,  
Aked nags but aid Divine,  
And cleared the tangled forest  
And wrought the buried mine.  
They tracked the floods and fontaines,  
And won, with master hand,  
Far more than gold in mountains,  
The glorious prairie land.  
O bless, etc.  
O giver of earth's treasure,  
Make Thine our nation strong;  
Four fold Thine host dispendance,  
O! On all who work our wrong!  
To our unwarred border  
Fast people still increase,  
Bid Britain and our empire,  
Lift ancient feuds to cease.  
O bless, etc.  
May Canada's first daughters  
Keep home for hearts as old  
As these who on the waters  
Came hither first of men.  
The pioneers of nations!  
They showed the world the way.  
"Ours are to keep their stations"  
And lead the van to-day.  
O bless, etc.  
Inheritors of glory,  
O countrymen! we swear  
To guard this flag that o'er ye  
Shall unveil victory bare.  
Where'ven through earth's far regions  
Its triple crosses fly,  
For God, for home, our legions  
Shall win, or fighting die.  
O bless, etc.

WHICH TICKET?  
A cupulent old lady was at the London  
Bridge station, going down into Sussex; she  
had a big bag and a small one, and was bustling  
through the gate to reach the train, when the  
ticket collector called out, "Ticket, ma'am!  
Can't pass here till I see your ticket!" "I  
haven't time," she replied, "I don't mean—can't  
repass!" "I will pass!" "Can't, ma'am!  
The rules are very strict!" "You'll make  
me miss the train!" she shouted. "Plenty  
of time, ma'am—train does not go for fifteen  
minutes yet." She looked out, put down  
her bags, and, after a long hunt, she found  
the key and opened the big one. After  
searching a time, she produced a small card  
which she held up and laid aside, but  
she could not find the ticket. The smaller  
bag was submitted to the same treatment  
the old lady all the while growling to herself  
and when ten minutes had slipped away she  
looked up and inquired, "What ticket do  
you want?" "Your railway ticket, of course,"  
he replied. "Why, I had that in my hand  
all the time," she replied, "I followed!" she  
claimed as she hurried the things into his  
hands. "Then why didn't you show it ma'am?"  
"Then why didn't you say railway ticket  
sir? You want to understand that there are  
a hundred different kinds of tickets, sir; and  
if you ever stop me again, I'll go to the head  
man of the railway at once!"

QUEER STORIES.  
THE BLACK LAMBS OF POTMORE.  
Mr. Leggit went down to his constituency  
at Potmore as Member of Parliament, and  
was so sure of his election, that he was  
so sure that he would not spend a single penny  
on his election, over and above the free  
charges for printing, the posting of bills, and  
the hire of rooms in which he would deliver  
his speeches. He loathed bribery for two  
reasons: firstly, because it was expensive,  
and, in the next place, because it was debasing  
to the voters, and he considered as ever a man  
who would stoop to it; for, surely, a candidate who  
has a good opinion of himself has no need to  
pay electors to vote for him. Now, Mr.  
Leggit had a capital idea of himself. His  
party was a Liberal, having large views on all the  
questions of the day, and yet prudence enough  
to control himself when it came to the point  
of voting for the innovations which he advo-  
cated. A progressive in theory, he was often  
to be found in the Conservative lobby, or in  
the lobby at all, when the division-bell rang  
"For the world," said this cautious gentleman  
"must not hurry on in leaps and bounds, it  
must roll forward at a steady pace, so that the  
good inclinations upon it may suffer no  
shockage." "That's a very good motto,"  
said many Conservatives in Potmore as  
well as to square-toed Liberals, and Mr.  
Leggit enjoyed undisturbed possession of his  
seat, until it pleased the great Bure, Sir  
Richard Bunge, to come forward as the ex-  
ponent of a policy more palatable to Churchmen  
and publicans than the somewhat  
favourable opinions which poor Mr. Leggit  
emitted.  
When Mr. Leggit arrived in Potmore, he  
found that his opponent, Bunge, had been  
before him in the field, plastering every door  
wall with white posters, three yards long,  
printed in blue letters, so that there was no  
more room on the walls for advertisements of  
any kind. These blue Bungs had hired all the  
public-houses in Potmore, and the committee, charac-  
ter of all the trade bands, engaged every fly in  
the town, and recruited all the roughs to dis-  
tribute circulars for him, and to furnish him  
with a body-guard of applauders when he  
went on his canvassing rounds. Organisation  
so complete as this staggered our friend  
Leggit, and again, "I should have shivered  
said." "They're running a mine on us,"  
he told the town of his hands, and you'll have  
to spend a mint of money, if you care to be  
them."  
"I won't spend a sixpence," replied Leggit  
exactly, "they've taken all the hardening  
Wall, that will save me expenses for adver-  
tising." "That's a very good motto, why, I'll make them  
in the Town-hall."  
"Well, I like your pluck," rejoined Leggit,  
"and of course I'll do my best for you.  
But I don't like to lure you with false hope.  
Mind, the first essential is that you issue  
a address proclaiming a policy just the opposite  
of Bunge's."  
"How is it," cried Leggit, drawing a wire  
of telegraph from his pocket, "Can you write  
out readiness, motion without timidity, pro-  
gress without precipitation. . . ."  
"No, that won't do at all," demurred  
Keynes. "Bunge is for upholding every  
principle."

"You must go in as a demolitioner. Remember, you've got to get a single Free vote so it's no-use winning rat-tails. Just begin by striking a bold attack upon the Church of England, which swarms with abuses, as an old house does with rats."

"Rats in the Church of England," roared down Laggit, obediently, with a pencil, "what do they think of a tip off?"

"That," assented the candidate, "is what they're as about in the House of Lords."

"Don't touch the Lords; you may think it worth while to become a Peer yourself some day," responded Keynsole, drily; "but don't come to financial matters—There's a blot on party in this town opposed to a peer-tailor!"

"I'll be damned if I'll assent to the candidate doing, scribble some more lines."

"No, not now, but the soap-lard; and you must say something about beer. Write that you want the working-man to have his beer cheap and unadulterated. That will touch the publicans in a tender place."

"Door for the Honorable Member Laggit, who has been beginning to revive." "What do you think this will be a very good address, Keynsole? I've long been anxious to speak on my mind without reserve on the questions of the day."

Keynsole gave him some more hints, and the two between them forged an address, which had at least a thorough-going character. The candidate went out to take this document to the printer's, while Laggit went forth to prosecute a personal canvass.

It should be confessed here that Laggit did not a bluff and genial presence like his antagonist Bunge. His logs were fluted, his voice was shrill, his manner was often abrupt from abundant-mindfulness, and he carried about a few scraps of news on leaves of paper, which he loaded like good mouthpieces to persons who were soured by personal failures, or dependent at the course of public affairs.

During his canvass he was snubbed by many electors who had previously supported him, but he got promises from others who had never voted for him before, denoting him as a leader in the cause of progress.

Since the previous election a good number of working-men electors had been added to the registration lists, and more than two-thirds of these pledged themselves to back the man who was going to stop the publicans from decorating their door.

For all this, Keynsole looked gloomy. "The black electors in the town, and after the usual manner of agents, he heard scores blue, red, or yellow marks against the names of voters who were 'for,' 'against,' or 'doubtful' as the case might be. He more boasted about 700 electors. Of these roughly speaking, 800 had given promise to Bunge; 250 were for Laggit, and the rest were doubtful and open to the solitations of either candidate. It struck Keynsole from the first as curious, that out of a comparatively small constituency, so many as 120 voters should be able to keep their opinions dark; and he spent several days in trying to penetrate this mystery. It was all to no purpose, until one of 120 voters, a respectable Sphynx-like. But one afternoon, as the much perplexed agent was sitting with Mr. Laggit in his office, and conversing with that excellent man about a speech with the latter well to deliver that evening, there appeared before them the florid figure of one Boundy-grocer, who said to them with a wink in the eye, "Gentlemen, do you want to know the result of five shillings' work? Yes, if you please, answered Laggit, politely, for he thought it an obliging offer.

"Well, at thirty pounds a head they yours," responded the amiable grocer. "To come from the Black Lambs, and we plump together."

"Black Sheep would be more appropriate name," observed Mr. Laggit, indignantly. "Do you think I have come into this to purchase the consciences of the electors?"

"We have no principles and belong to party," continued Mr. Boundy, breezily, if he had not heard that last remark.

"Is an association you give your vote to?" asked Laggit.

"By Buz's right, yes, sir. They call it a head." For £3,150, Mr. Boundy knew you safe through; if you won't treat us, you have no chance."

"Leave my presence instantly, sir," said the anti-soup-tax candidate, pointing to the door, and he was really quite red in the face from anger.

"Very well, sir. My address is 18, High Street," replied the grocer, nodding the stick absently. "You'll always find me there if you want me; but, remember, that if you off the bargain till polling-day we shall be 240 a head," saying which he smirked, and marched out.

"I marvel at the man's effrontery," served Mr. Laggit, when the grocer had gone out.

"I rather wonder at his high prices," said all that Mr. Keynsole would answer.

"On the polling-day it would have been patent to an observer of the meanest capacity—that an observer of mean capacity being present—that the election at Portmore was fought favourably for Bunge."

"But Bunge was ubiquitous, noisy, and a guine. They had all the bands of music with them, the hymen, the choruses of singing boys, the roughs who wore blue ribbons, and the jounesse dorls composed of counter-jugglers, with crutch-beating and much-eluded toothpicks. "Poor Laggit wrapped up in white, sat in the grocery shop, and Buz's right, yes, sir. They call it a room which he had been able to obtain. He dolefully examined the reports of his runner, as they came every half-hour to tell him how many of his promised backers had voted."

"Now Laggit's opinions on the subject of bribery had not changed a whit since the time when he had ordered Bindy, the grocer, to be kept in the street, and he knew that polling-time had come, he could not resist without extreme bitterness on his prospect of being turned out of his seat in the House of Commons. Parliament had become business of his life—his pleasure as well as his occupation. If he were ejected from what should he be?"

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The candidate went out, but in going he left, by accident or design, the bag with the money in it on the table. Keynole, who had not a diluted belief in human integrity, apparently thought the omission intentional, for he smiled as he took up the bag and examined the contents. An hour afterwards the result of the poll was published as follows:—

Length	Score
Burge	350
Long	340

“A queer thing happened to me on that election-day,” said Laggit, shortly afterwards, in an article taken to his friend Keynole. “I lost a little black bag I always used to carry about with my money in, and when I found it was gone I was so annoyed that I went home, but the thief had left me about a hundred pounds. Odd, isn't it?”

“Very,” answered Keynole. “Haden't you better inform the police?”

“Oh, no, I have trouble,” replied Laggit, hastily; “besides, the sum I lost wasn't a large one.”

It was enough to buy a few lambs with, chuckled Keynole to himself, but not aloud.

—*Truth.*

### SURPRISING A BRITISHER.

At Chicago the gentleman to whom you have a letter of introduction without howbeit his chair put it to him in the following words: “I guess there are many things in Chicago to astonish a Britisher.” This was the first sign of brag which I discovered in travelling fifteen hundred miles. What chiefly astonished one Britisher at Chicago was the condition of the streets. “He arrived on a wet day, and unless a traveller saw the most wonderful experiences which the world affords. To find your carriage rushing into a bog alongside of a pavement crowded with passengers, and in front of houses or buildings which appear to reach up to the very heavens, produces a new sensation. The danger may come upon you quite unobserved, and you are obliged to be saved from it by a notice such as is sometimes exhibited across the chief streets, which informs you that “there is no bottom here.” You then venture at your own peril, and when you begin to sink there is no knowing where you will stop. In streets where the wheels go through to have a bottom the wheels of the well-to-do are made to put himself to the work with a determination which shows that he has previously conquered similar difficulties.” At brief intervals you come in contact with crossings over which your carriage rises and falls like a ship in a heavy sea. The foot passengers are kept out of the mud by means of a plank placed across the crossing, and you are told to get on if you do not fall over the edge or allow your leg to go through any of the numerous holes, which would be regarded as dangerous in any other place.—*From “Through the Light Continent.”*

### PLAYING AT HEATHENS.

This boy, who has been well and amicably brought up hates the heathen though policy compels him to conceal his feelings. He envies the heathen small boy, and at the same time looks upon him as a selfish and remorseless absorber of Christian pennies. Now and then there arises a small boy with a gigantic intellect, and a degree of courage which makes him a terror to the heathen. He is the leader of a small band of his kind who head expeditions against the Indians and organise gangs of juvenile highwaymen. That these enterprises do not meet with success is due to force beyond his control, but they display the greatness of his intellect and the boldness of his character. Of this type of amateur boy is Master Jaggers, who is a freeborn child, and a tolerant and an ingenious and entirely novel scheme for a resting the flow of American copper coins towards the heathen pockets of juvenile India. Some two months since Master Jaggers, who had painfully accumulated the sum of twenty-five cents with a view to an expected circus, was disappointed in the arrival of the circus, and to the hatred small boys of India. This was the last of a long series of pecuniary outrages that determined him to take a bold stand against missionary assessments, and he therefore summoned a mass meeting of small boys on Saturday afternoon at Deacon Pratt's barn, ostensibly with a view to a picnic, but really to discuss the matter. The first defence against heathen encroachments, Master Jaggers made a moving speech, in which he glowingly described the luxuries in which the heathen small boys lived. “He ain't washed, and he can wear just as little cloze as heathenmaster. They ain't no school for him, nor no Sunday, y' see. He can go swimmin' every day, and he can go to the washin' and he can go to the crocodileeet scoop in washermoney and such. But his back yard is chuck full of tigers as hipponouses, and no end of snakes, and he can steal his dad's gun and shoot 'em out of the back window.” This is the chap that talks in all our money, and if I say it's more we ought to stand. Now, we can't make up our money, and the folks can't make us wash and go to school if we're better, and all the other boys will have to put up their money for us.” It is needless to say that this speech was received with tumultuous applause. Howls of exaltation went up the hurries of the hated heathen were remembered, and the proposal to adopt the same as a profession was unanimously supported. At last, temporary opposition, was manifested by Master Salin, who maintained that in order to become heathen they must first have their eyes put out—a theory which was based upon a misinterpretation of the hymn which speaks of “the heathen in his blindness.” The objector, however, was soon convinced of his error, and he was thereupon a hearty desire to become heathen. The details of the scheme were arranged by Master Jaggers. A plank of wood of S. J. Tilden was decided to be long enough to serve as an aid, and the amateur heathen placed it on an empty barrel in the barn, and bowed down to it with much ceremony. They discarded the hymn, and the heathen turned around the waist, a buckskin their entire bodies with burnt cork. There could be no doubt that they were very successful heathen in appearance, and as it was late in the afternoon, they resolved to spend the night in the barn, to breakfast on the spoils of Deacon Pratt's orchard, and to collect Sunday money from the heathen who collected from the Christian boy. The Sunday school opened as usual the next morning, although the absence of eleven boys created a good deal of remark. Soon after the exercises had begun the teachers were astonished at the entrance of Master Jaggers and his ten associate heathen. “It isn't fair to admit these boys to school,” said the teachers, “they would corrupt the other children and would pervert their professional duty.” The superintendent, Master Jaggers advanced the superintendent and remarked, “If you please, sir, we've all turned heathen, and we ain't feelin' about it. We've got a first-rate old idol, and we don't believe in anything more. So, if you please, sir, will you give us all the money they've got, and to remount how blessed it is to consecrate it to religion, genuine heathen?” There is no instance on record in which a heathen has been converted as quickly as was Master Jaggers. The superintendent held him, by one ear, and the tenth stroke of the cane Master Jaggers received was the last he ever felt. He then smashed back and returned to the Christian faith without delay. The other heathen alarmed by the fate of their leader, fled the barn, washed themselves, resumed their clothing, and went homeward with not a conscience, singing missionary hymns.

New York Times.

## HONGKONG MARKET

[illegible]

WOOLLEN GOODS

3	Bay of Pigs	\$3.05	
4	Bay of Pigs	\$4.05	
5	Bay of Pigs	\$4.05	
6	Bay of Pigs	\$4.05	
7	Bay of Pigs	\$4.05	
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10	Bay of Pigs	\$4.05	
11	Bay of Pigs	\$4.05	
12	Bay of Pigs	\$4.05	
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96	Bay of Pigs	\$4.05	
97	Bay of Pigs	\$4.05	
98	Bay of Pigs	\$4.05	
99	Bay of Pigs	\$4.05	
100	Bay of Pigs	\$4.05	

PRODUCT

[illegible]

For Oil, mor-plon, app the 100 per cent  
Bass White non-plon

[illegible]

10 to 3.15

[illegible]